



SPAWN

68

DIGITAL
EDITION



57

McFARLANE
CW

Todd McFarlane &
Image Comics presents...

INTERSECTION

DEDICATED TO
Mike deLuca



STORY
Todd McFarlane

PENCILS
Greg Capullo

INKS
*Todd McFarlane
Chance Wolf*

COPY EDITOR and LETTERING
Tom Orzechowski

COLOR
*Brian Haberlin
Dan Kemp*

president of entertainment,
publishing and licensing
Terry Fitzgerald

for Image Comics
Larry Marder
Executive Director

art director
Brent Ashe

graphics coordinator
Julia Simmons

editorial coordinator
Melanie Simmons

Spawn №67 Summary

The bums gather to commiserate on their lives and share stories and philosophies about their religious beliefs. Spawn diplomatically joins into the conversation and avoids heating up the age old debate of God versus the Devil. Later, in another part of the alley, a gang of bums plot to rob and kill one of their own. When Spawn steps in to question their motives, they open fire on him. He collapses, wondering why his costume isn't defending him against this assault.



TODD MCFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS

www.spawn.com



IT HAD STARTED OUT AS AN ACT OF INTIMIDATION

IF HE'D JUST LEFT WELL ENOUGH ALONE, THE HOMELESS VAGRANT WOULD NOT HAVE DRAWN SPAWN'S ATTENTION. THE WILD, ANGRY RANTS WEREN'T MUCH OUT OF THE ORDINARY... BUT THEY CONCLUDED WITH A CALLOUS ACT OF DESTRUCTION, WHICH FIRED OUR HERO'S ANGER.

"HE" WAS GENERALLY KNOWN AS "JOHN". HIS STYLE AND PRESENCE BLURRED HIM EASILY IN WITH A HUNDRED OTHERS IN SIMILAR STRAITS. THEY ARE THE HOMELESS, SCUTTLED INTO THE HEART OF RAT CITY, A MAZE OF MANHATTAN ALLEYWAYS LITTERED WITH SHATTERED SOULS.

WITHOUT THOUGHT OR APOLOGY HE HAD BROKEN A SPECIAL TRINKET CARRIED BY SPAWN'S COMPADRE, BOBBY.

THAT LED TO JOHN BEING FOLLOWED...

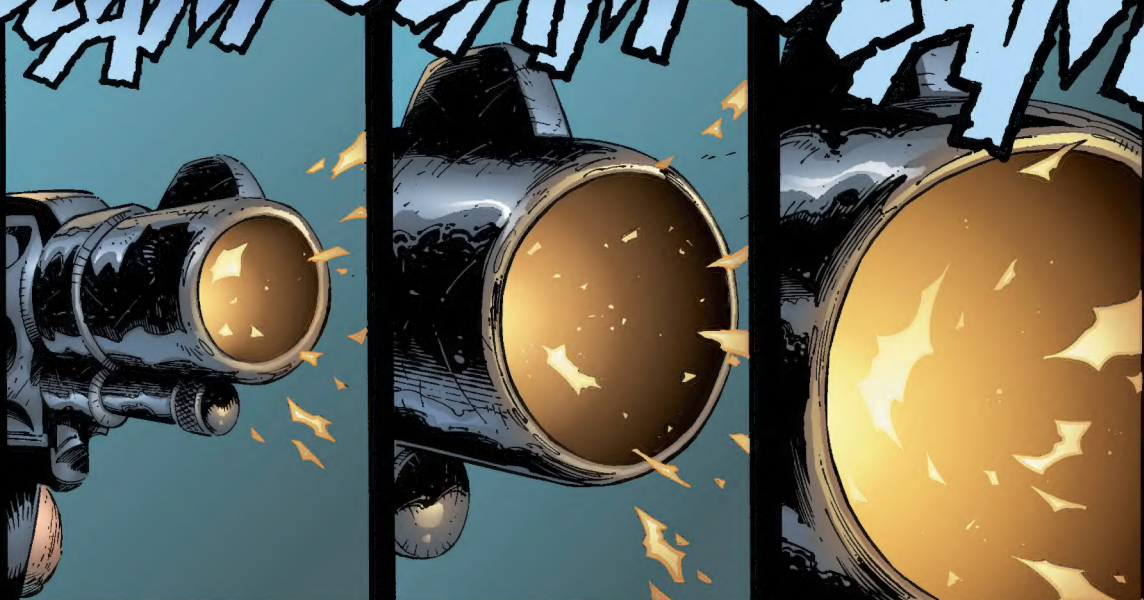
... AND TO A SITUATION THAT CULMINATED IN THE EXPLOSIVE SPRAY OF SPAWN'S BRAINS ACROSS THE ALLEYS.



IN STUNNED SILENCE, HELL'S NEW WARRIOR REELED AS HIT AFTER HIT OF GUNFIRE TORE THROUGH HIM. HIS COSTUME OFFERED NOT THE SLIGHTEST ACT OF PROTECTION.

THAT HAD NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE.

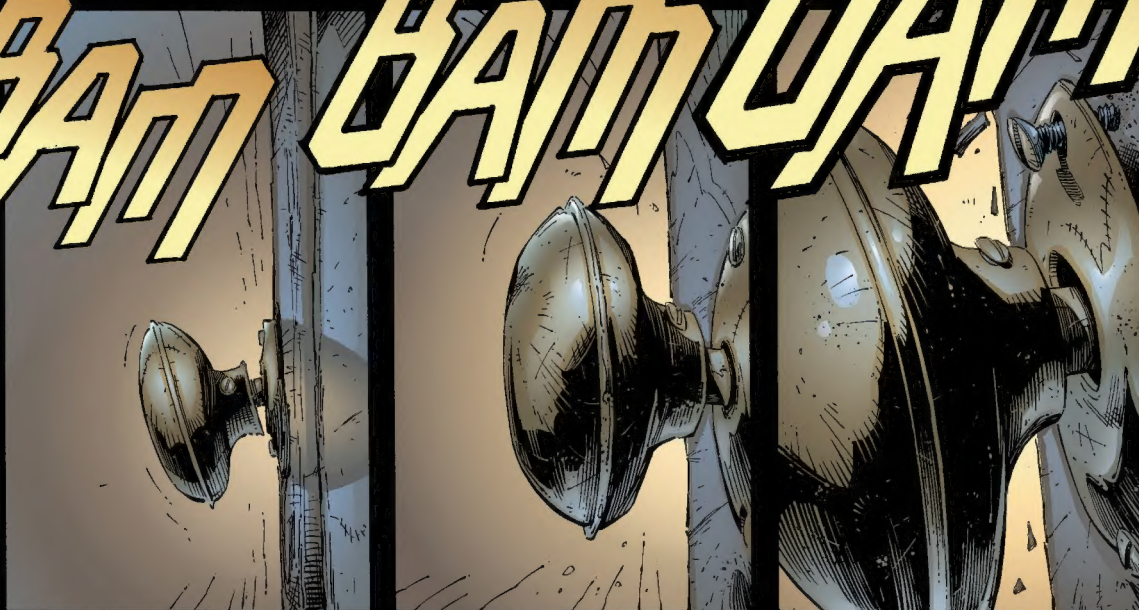
BLAM BLAM BLAM



ACROSS TOWN, ANOTHER VICTIM IS IN NEED.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS HAVE BEEN MET BY PRIVATE DETECTIVES SAM BURKE AND TWITCH WILLIAMS. THE LATTER PAIR HAD BEEN TIPPED OFF THAT A CASE OF THEIRS HAD QUITE POSSIBLY TAKEN A DEADLY TWIST.

BAM BAM BAM





JESUS.

I TOLD YOU YOU WEREN'T GOING TO LIKE THIS, SAM.

UNBELIEVABLE. YOU WANT ME TO GO CALL FOR BACK-UP...?

IT'S OKAY. DISPATCH WOULDN'T TAKE YOUR CALL ANYWAY, SINCE YOU'VE LEFT THE FORCE AND ALL.



YEAH. THAT'S RIGHT. OLD HABITS, I GUESS.

SO, TWITCH, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS MESS ANYWAYS?

THE OBVIOUS, SIR. MR. BYRD HAS BEEN PERMANENTLY RELIEVED OF THE BACK OF HIS HEAD DUE TO THE FORCED ENTRY, FRONTALLY, OF A BULLET. AND, BY THE SIZE OF THE INJURY I'D SAY THE BULLET HAD BEEN FIRED DOWN SO AS TO MUSHROOM OUT THE REAR ON IMPACT.

I'LL REPORT TO THE PRECINCT. GET THEM TO SEND THE MEAT WAGON AND A FORENSICS TEAM.



THANKS, JIMMY.

I'LL JUST SNAP A FEW MORE PHOTOS FOR OUR PERSONAL FILES, IF YOU DON'T MIND.

GO AHEAD. IT'S NOT LIKE THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE A LONG NIGHT. JUST DO ME A FAVOR, WEAR GLOVES IF YOU WANNA TOUCH ANYTHING. I'M GOING TO LOOK AROUND.

SURE.



I DON'T LIKE WHAT I'M SEEING, SIR.

I'M WITH YA.

THERE'S NO SIGN OF A STRUGGLE. AND, GIVEN THAT HE'S IN HIS ROBE AND HIS FRONT DOOR WAS LOCKED, IT MEANS...

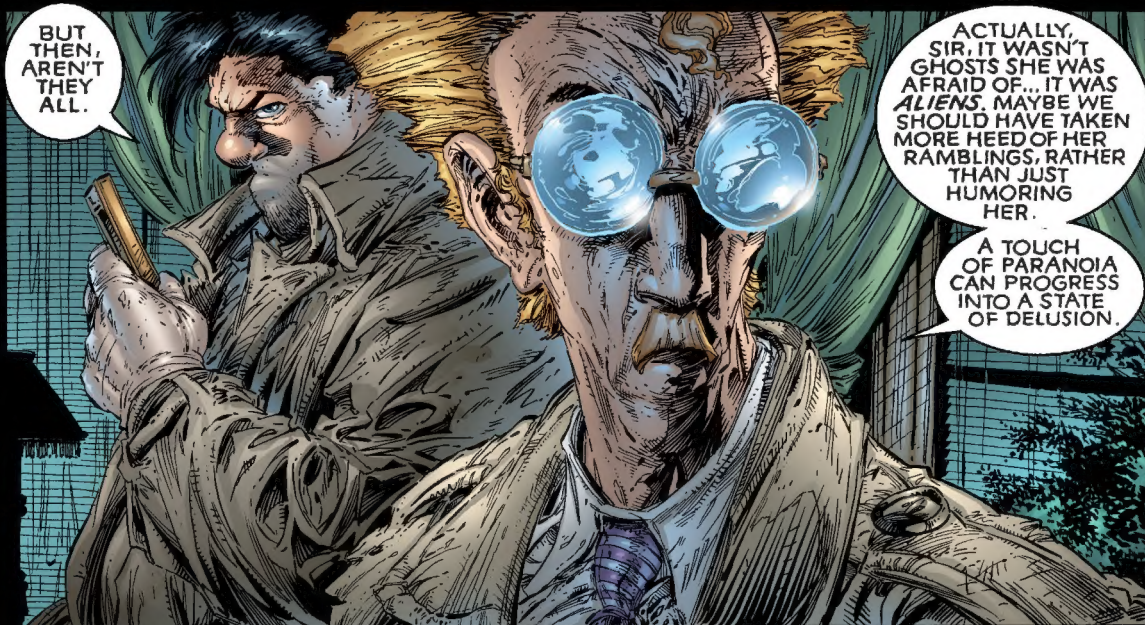
...THAT DINGBAT REALLY WAS CRAZY.



SHE SAID THAT SHE WAS BEING HAUNTED, BUT NEVER MENTIONED HER HUSBAND AS THE GUY. SEEING HOW HE'S BEEN OUT OF THE COUNTRY FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS, I THINK IT'S SAFE TO ASSUME HE'S NOT THE GHOST.

CRIPES! AND TO SEE HER BACK THEN. SHE LOOKS SO FRIGGIN' NORMAL.

WHAT A WASTE.



BUT THEN, AREN'T THEY ALL.

ACTUALLY, SIR, IT WASN'T GHOSTS SHE WAS AFRAID OF... IT WAS ALIENS. MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE TAKEN MORE HEED OF HER RAMBLINGS, RATHER THAN JUST HUMORING HER.

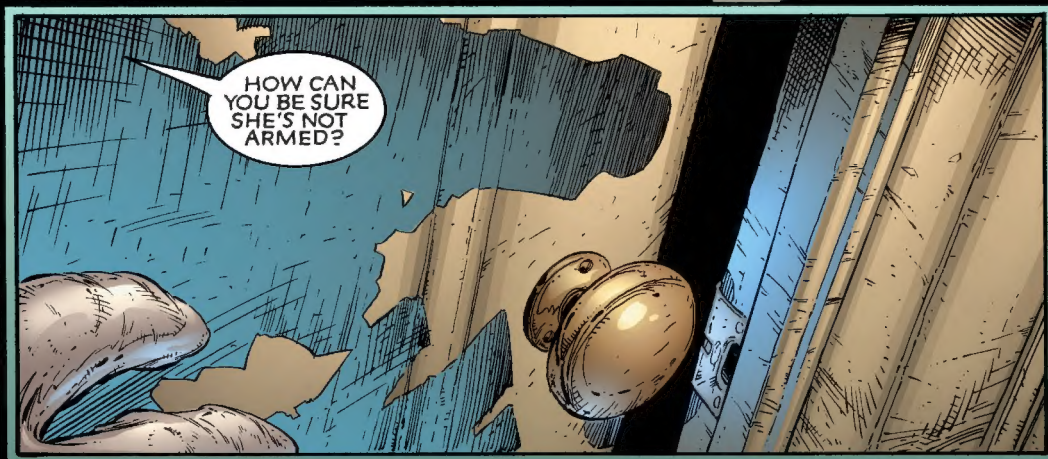
A TOUCH OF PARANOIA CAN PROGRESS INTO A STATE OF DELUSION.



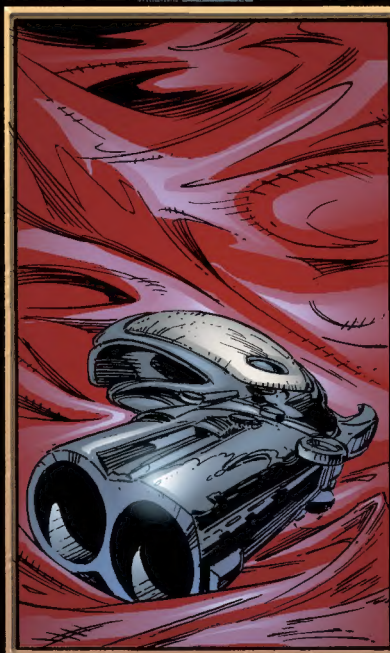
SAM! TWITCH! THERE'S NOISE COMING FROM THE BEDROOM BACK THERE. YOU WANT A PIECE OF THIS? WE MIGHT NEED HELP.



I DON'T EXPECT ANY PROBLEMS. THE FRONT DOOR'S LOCKED, IT HAS TO BE HER.



HOW CAN YOU BE SURE SHE'S NOT ARMED?





SSSSHHHHH....

PLEASE--
I DON'T WANT
TO MISS THIS
PART.

FOR THE NEXT FEW MINUTES,
EVERYONE STANDS FROZEN
AS THE WIFE OF THE MURDER
VICTIM WATCHES, ENTHRALLED,
THE ENDING OF HER SHOW.

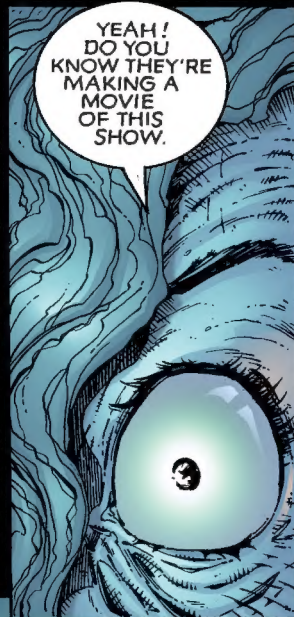


WASN'T THAT
BEAUTIFUL.

EXCUSE US,
MRS. BYRD, BUT
WE NEED TO
TALK TO
YOU RIGHT
NOW.



DO YOU
KNOW YOUR
HUSBAND'S
DEAD?



YEAH!
DO YOU
KNOW THEY'RE
MAKING A
MOVIE
OF THIS
SHOW.

Um... I'D HEARD
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.



WELL, IT'S
TRUE. PRETTY
SOON THE WORLD
WILL KNOW. THEY'LL
BELIEVE.... CLOSE
ENCOUNTERS. ALIENS.
INVASION OF THE BODY
SNATCHERS. CONTACT.
THEY'RE ALL TRUE...
EVEN MARS ATTACKS,
IN A COUPLE OF
SCENES...

THE
GOVERNMENT
CAN'T KEEP
HIDING IT. MY
HUBBY, HE DIDN'T
BELIEVE. SO THEY
GOT HIM. THE
GREYS, I
MEAN.

WITH THE ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE AND MEDICAL TEAMS, A QUICK BUT ENLIGHTENING INTERROGATION TAKES PLACE. EVERYONE IS LED TO THE SAME CONCLUSION, WITH ONLY ONE QUESTION OPEN TO ARGUMENT.

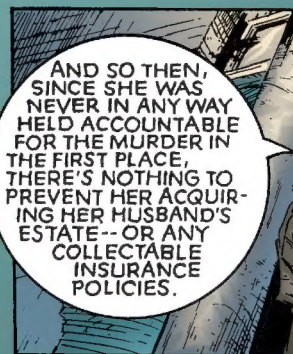
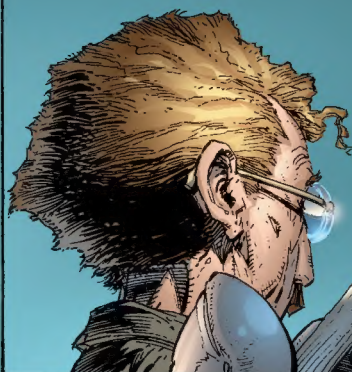


THAT WAS THE MOST BIZARRE CONVERSATION I'VE EVER HEARD.

SO? YOU THINK SHE'S INSANE?

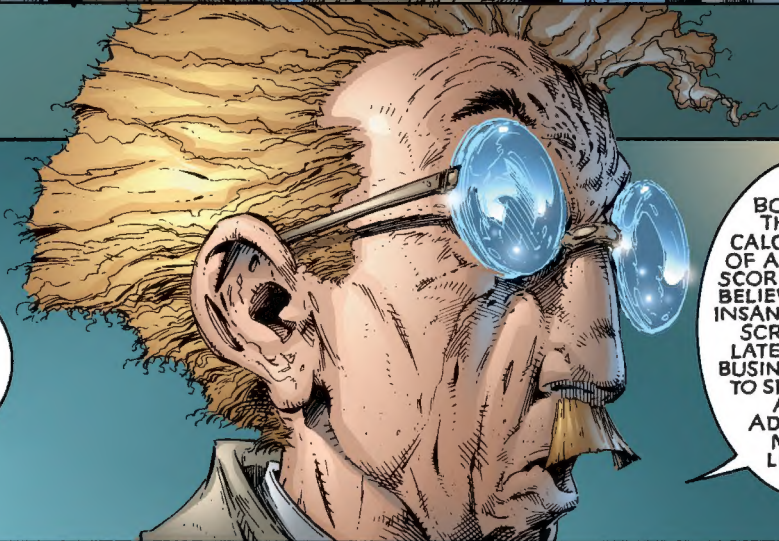
DON'T YOU?

I'M NOT SURE, SIR. I'VE SEEN THIS BEFORE. A JILTED LOVER PURSUADING OTHERS TO BELIEVE IN HER PSYCHOSIS AS A MEANS TO AN INSANITY PLEA. THE JUDGE GIVES A REDUCED SENTENCE AT SOME ADULT INSTITUTION, MINIMUM SECURITY. WITH GOOD BEHAVIOR, THEY'RE BACK ON THE STREET IN TWO OR THREE YEARS.



AND SO THEN, SINCE SHE WAS NEVER IN ANY WAY HELD ACCOUNTABLE FOR THE MURDER IN THE FIRST PLACE, THERE'S NOTHING TO PREVENT HER ACQUIRING HER HUSBAND'S ESTATE--OR ANY COLLECTABLE INSURANCE POLICIES.

EXACTLY RIGHT, SIR. AND GIVEN THAT SHE CAN SERVE US BOTH UP AS WITNESSES TO HER DELUSIONS, THE TRAP, IF NEED BE, IS PERFECTLY SET.



ON THE OTHER HAND, THE HAG COULD JUST BE A FRIGGIN' LOONEY!

WE'VE BOTH SEEN THE COLD CALCULATIONS OF A WOMAN SCORNFUL. SO, I BELIEVE SHE'S JUST INSANE. I NEED TO SCRUTINIZE THE LATE MR. BYRD'S BUSINESS RECORDS TO SEE IF THERE ARE ANY ADDITIONAL MOTIVES LURKING.

YOU HAVE ANY OTHER IMPRESSIONS?

YEAH!!

LIKE, HOW THIS WHOLE THING SUCKS! DO YOU REALIZE THAT SHE'S OUR BIGGEST ACCOUNT? WE CAN'T AFFORD FOR HER TO BE THE MURDERER!

MEANING...?

*SEE LAST ISSUE--Toms.

I... FORGOT... TO BILL HER THE PAST TWO MONTHS. SO, WE'RE GOING TO GET STIFFED FOR A **BIG** CHUNK OF CHANGE.

COG!

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?!

HE NEEDS YOUR HELP.

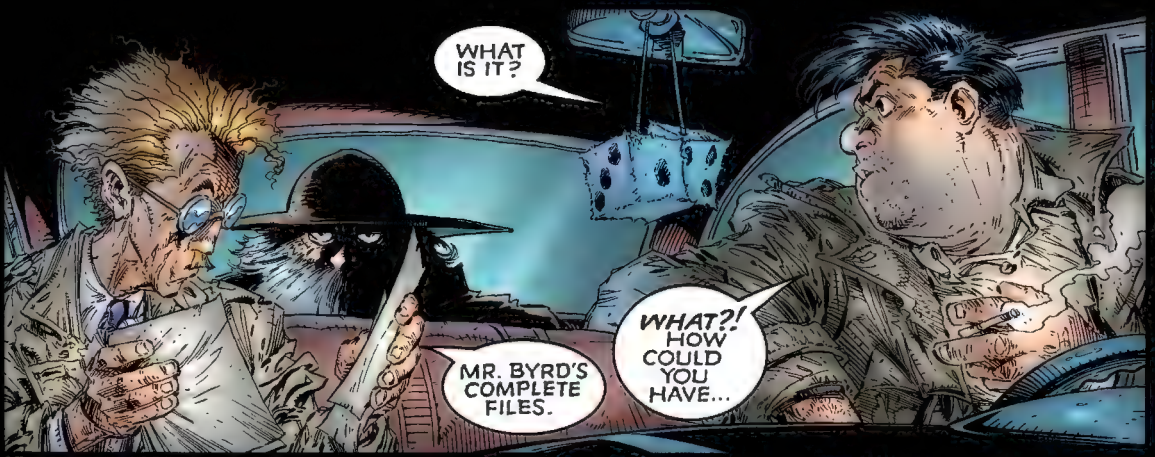
WHO DOES?!

SPAWN.

HE'S VENTURED INTO A SECTION OF ALLEYWAY THAT IS CONTROLLED BY A POWER FAR GREATER THAN HIS. THERE, HE IS WEAK. VULNERABLE. AND NOW HIS IGNORANCE HAS BETRAYED HIM.

BEFORE TWITCH CAN START HIS ASSAULT ON SAM'S LAX BOOKKEEPING, THE COLD NAUGAHYDE IN THE SHADOWED REAR OF THE CAR SQUEAKS.

YOU NEED TO GO THERE NOW.



WHAT IS IT?

MR. BYRD'S COMPLETE FILES.

WHAT?! HOW COULD YOU HAVE...

IT DOESN'T MATTER. WHAT **DOES** IS WHETHER YOU CAN ARRIVE IN TIME TO SAVE YOUR NEW MASTER.

AND JUST WHO WOULD THAT BE?



SPAWN, OF COURSE AS I'VE SAID, HE CHOSE YOU TWO FOR A REASON.

SKECHHHH



NNH

GNH

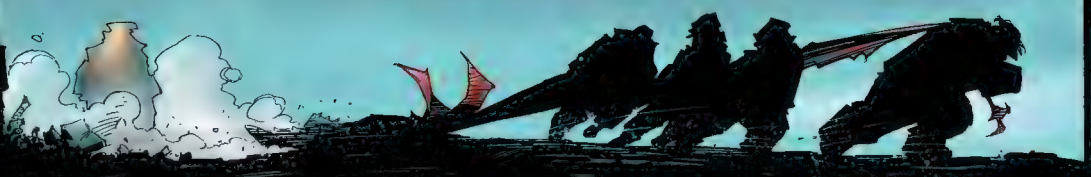
WHAT'S THIS GUY MADE OF--?!

HFF

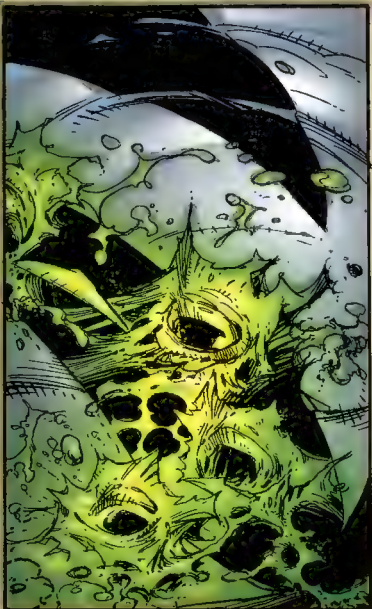
GG

NECROFLESH.

NEARLY A QUARTER-TON OF IT. USED TO GIVE FORM TO THE REANIMATED SOULS HELL HAS HANDPICKED FOR ITS ELITE ARMY. ITS UNHOLY ENERGY SIGNALS HEAVEN'S AGENTS THAT A NETHERWORLDLY WARRIOR EXISTS AMONG MEN.



HELL'S REPRESENTATIVES
CANNOT BE LEFT
UNESCORTED AS THEY
WALK THE EARTH...



HEAVEN
MUST ALSO BE
CONSTANTLY ON
HAND WITH
POWER ENOUGH
TO VOID ANY
DERIVED FROM
THE FIERY
PIT BELOW.



ALL OF THIS IS COMPLETELY LOST
ON HUMANS AS WE TRICK OUR-
SELVES INTO BELIEVING THAT
OUR ACTIONS ARE THE ONES
THAT TURN THE TIDE.

IF MAN IS CAPABLE
OF ONE GREAT
CONSTANT, IT'S HIS
IGNORANCE OF
THINGS BEYOND
THIS LIFETIME.

THAT
WAS FAIRLY
EASY.

I WAS
ALMOST
BEGINNING TO
THINK HE REALLY
WAS A GHOST,
INSTEAD OF
SOME
PUNKASS.



THOUGH
I STILL CAN'T
FIGURE OUT
WHAT THIS GREEN
GOO IS.

BUT!...

I'D
BETTER
BAG SOME
OF THIS UP TO
SHOW THE BOSS.
HE MIGHT WANT
TO SEE WHAT
THIS LOSER'S
HEAD USED
TO LOOK
LIKE.



ELSEWHERE...

puff
puff

BOBBY!
GUYS!

I NEED YOU!
JOHN LEEKLEY,
HIM AND A COUPLE
OF OTHERS ^{puff}
JUST TORCHED
SPAWN!

WHAT'RE
YOU
TALKING
ABOUT,
ERIC?!

puff
... AFTER
SPAWN LEFT
US HE WENT LOOKING
FOR JOHN. I GUESS HE
WANTED TO FINISH THEIR
DEBATE OR SOMETHING,
BUT NEXT THING I KNEW
JOHNNY AND HIS BOYS
UNLOADED ON SPAWN.
HE NEVER ^{puff}
STOOD A
CHANCE.

YA HEAR
WHAT I'M
TELLING
YA!!

**HE'S
DEAD!**

*LAST
ISSUE--
Tom.

I WAS JUST FOLLOWING A BIT BEHIND, JUST... YOU KNOW, WANTING TO HANG AROUND.

THEY GOT HIM. I SWEAR. HE NEVER EVEN FLINCHED A MUSCLE. LIKE HE WAS STUNNED OR SOMETHING.

THEN THEY BLEW HIS HEAD CLEAN OFF!



GOD **DAMN** IT. I'LL KILL 'EM. **ALL** OF THEM. WHERE ARE THEY NOW?!

I DUNNO. THEY WERE DRAGGING HIM DOWN NEAR 'HEROIN HIDEOUT'!

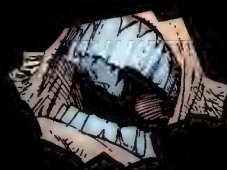
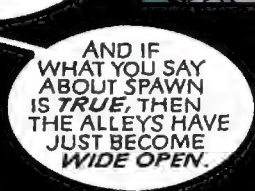
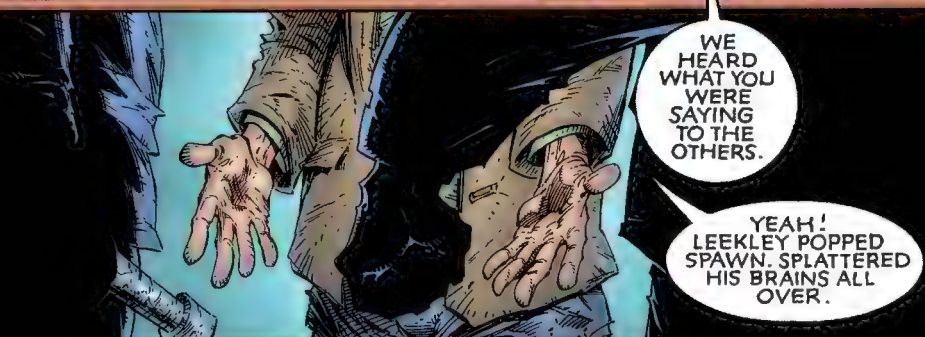
C'MON GUYS. LET'S GO SHOW THEM TRAITORS WHO THIS ALLEY REALLY BELONGS TO.

BE CAREFUL. THEY'VE GOT GUNS.

YEAH, WELL, **SCREW** 'EM! I'LL GATHER AN ARMY SO BIG THEY'LL RUN OUT OF BULLETS TRYING TO SHOOT US ALL.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, A SHADOW FALLS OVER THE LONE STRAGGLER.





IT WILL BE FIVE DAYS BEFORE ANYONE WILL FIND ERIC'S SHATTERED, DECOMPOSING BODY.

A FEW BLOCKS AWAY, MOMENTUM IS BUILDING AND STRATEGIES FORMULATING WHICH MAY WELL IGNITE THE MAJORITY OF THOSE SHELTERED IN NEW YORK'S HIDDEN DENS...

...FOR IN THE MONTHS SINCE SPAWN'S FIRST APPEARANCE, STRONG OPINIONS HAVE BEEN FORMED OVER WHETHER OR NOT HE SHOULD EVER HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO MOVE IN.

THEN WE'RE SET. ONCE WE HITCH UP WITH VICTOR'S AND SAMUEL'S CREWS WE'LL GO SEE WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TONIGHT.

LET'S GO.

C'MON, BOOTSY.

NO.

I CAN'T THIS ISN'T MY FIGHT.

SO THAT'S IT??!

SPAWN'S BEEN COVERING OUR ASS, PROTECTING US FROM ALL THE CRAP THAT COMES OUR WAY-- AND THE FIRST TIME HE NEEDS OUR HELP, YOU WANT TO TURN TAIL!!

YOU COULD GET HURT.

MAYBE! BUT VICTOR'S GROUP IS BRINGING GUNS, TOO. THEY WANT A WAR, WE'LL GIVE THEM ONE.

I'M NOT GOING.

THEN YOU'RE NO FRIEND OF MINE. I GOT NOTHING IN COMMON WITH COWARDS.

AT THE BOWERY'S OTHER
END, THE 'ENEMY' CAMP
HAS YET TO PREPARE
ITSELF.

PROOF!

I KNEW
YOU'D WANT
THIS. YOU'RE
ALWAYS SO
DAMN
CYNICAL.
HERE!

I HAVE MY
REASONS.

WHATEVER.
ALL I KNOW IS THAT
EVERYONE'S BEEN SO
FRIGGIN' AFRAID OF
SPAWN, BUILDING HIM
INTO SOMETHING HE
AIN'T, THAT WE'VE
BEEN *PRISONERS*
OF THESE
ALLEYS.


WELL,
THAT'S
OVER
NOW.

SO, WHAT
DO YOU
MAKE OF
THAT STUFF
ANYWAYS?


I'M NOT
QUITE
SURE...

...BUT
GIVEN WHAT
I'VE SEEN HIM
DO, AND WHAT
THE RUMORS SAY
HE'S DONE, IT'S
OBVIOUS THAT
HE WASN'T
HUMAN.

I COULD
SMELL HIS
STINK THE
FIRST TIME
WE MET.



THEN I
GUESS THAT
MAKES WHAT
I DID EVEN
BETTER.
uhh?



WHERE
IS HE NOW,
JOHNNY?


OH!!...
ME AND
THE BOYS
STUCK HIM A
FEW BLOCKS FROM
HERE. KINDA LIKE
A SCARECROW. I
SWEAR THE
BUGGER
WEIGHS
A TON.

TOOK
ALL OF US TO
DRAG HIS SORRY
ASS TO WHERE WE
HAD IN MIND. WE
WANTED
TO MAKE A
STATEMENT.




SHK

EE
LA
GH




YOU
MALIGNANT
INSECT. I'M THE
KING HERE. THE
ONE WHO GIVES
THE ORDERS.
YOUR PURPOSE IS
TO FOLLOW--
TO **OBEY!**



TAKE A
GOOD **HARD**
LOOK, GENTLEMEN.
YOUR FRIEND IS
BLEEDING TO DEATH.
SEE, WE DON'T
TOLERATE
INSUBORDINA-
TION.

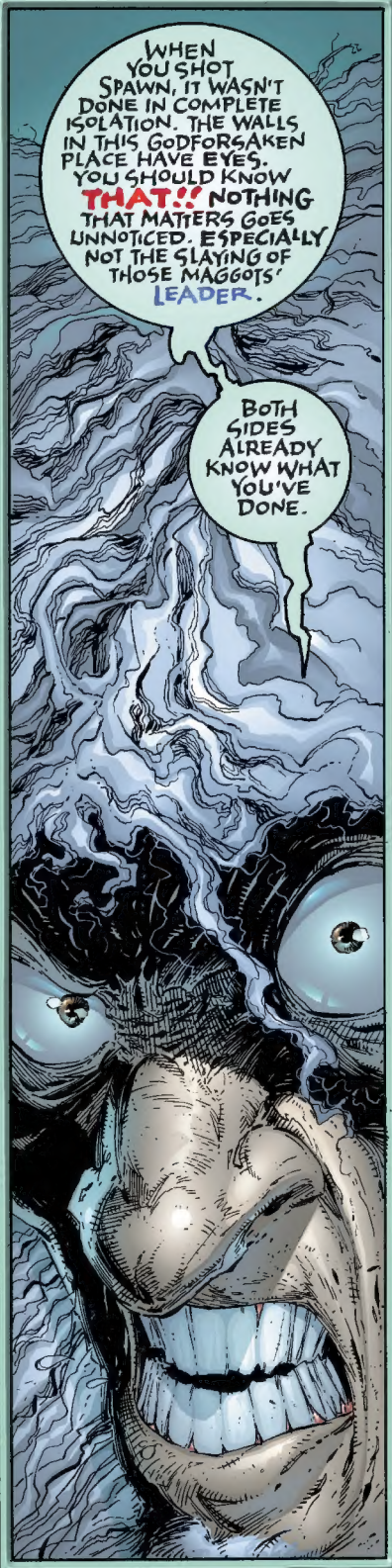
OUR
RULES...
MY
RULES...
ARE TO BE
FOLLOWED.

SPAWN
WAS MINE!
IF THAT WASN'T
ABUNDENTLY CLEAR
BEFORE, THEN IT IS
NOW. ARE WE
AGREED?



I
THOUGHT
SO.

SO LET
ME SPELL OUT
EXACTLY WHAT
HAS TRANSPIRED
IN THE PAST
FEW HOURS...



WHEN YOU SHOT SPAWN, IT WASN'T DONE IN COMPLETE ISOLATION. THE WALLS IN THIS GODFORGAKEN PLACE HAVE EYES. YOU SHOULD KNOW **THAT!!** NOTHING THAT MATTERS GOES UNNOTICED. ESPECIALLY NOT THE SLAYING OF THOSE MAGGOTS' **LEADER.**

BOTH SIDES ALREADY KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE.

BECAUSE OF THAT, WE MUST PREPARE OURSELVES. THOSE THAT NOW TURN ON US ARE BLINDED BY THEIR OWN EMOTIONS. THEY'RE CAPABLE OF ANYTHING. AND, THEIR LOYALTY IS AS DEEP AS OUR OWN. ALREADY, THEY'VE BEGUN THEIR ASSAULT.


WELL, LET THEM COME!

I'VE ALREADY SENT WORD. SOON THEIR 200 WILL BE SURROUNDED BY OUR **2,000.**

IT'LL BE A BLOOD-BATH. THEY WON'T ESCAPE.



BECAUSE NOW IS THE TIME WE **SLAUGHTER** THEM FOR GOOD!



"YOU
SEE, THEY
LACK THE ONE
THING THEY
NEED MOST... A
LEADER."

"AND,
ONCE YOU
REMOVE THE
HEAD FROM
ANY GROUP,
THE BODY
DIES **SOON**
AFTER."

TO BE
CONTINUED.





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE